

George ...
THE
VILLA:

OR

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2
Glasnevin, A POEM.

WRITTEN IN IMITATION OF

COWLEY'S PINDARIQUES,

WITH

A COPY of VERSES to a young Lady
on seeing her at the PLAY.

UNSCRIBED TO SECRETARY BELCHIER.

*Thyre tu patula recubans subtegmine fagi,
Sylvestrem tenui musam meditaris avenda,
Nos ————— dulcia linguis Arva Virgo*

Who ever thinks a faultless PIECE to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er will be.

POPE CRIT.

DUBLIN:

Printed by ALEX. M'CULLOH;
For RICHARD WATTS, Bookseller, at the BIBLE,
in Skinner-Row, 1754.

THE
VILLAGE
OR

Glavinia, A Poem.

Written in Imitation of

CONFEY PINDARICUS.

WITH

A COPY OF VERSES to a young Lady
on seeing her at the Play.

Inscribed to SECRETARY BELLCHIE.

Printed and Published by A. MILLAR, at the
Sign of the Sun in Pall-mall, and at the
Sign of the Crown in St. Dunstons Church-yard.

Who ever thinks a foolish Poet to be,
Thinks what he is not, nor what will be.

For Ode.

DUBLIN.

Printed by Alex. McCURRY,
For RICHARD TAYLOR, Bookeller at the Bible,
in Queen's-Row, 1754.

Advertisement.

IT was thought proper to acquaint the Reader, that a few Lines some Time ago publish'd in FAULKNER's Paper, on the Improvement of a Spot of Ground (by a worthy Gentleman of *Glasnevin*) whereon were planted ten Trees, and nam'd *Apollo*, and the *Muses*; and likewise a *Well* erected, which got the Appellation of the *Heliconian* Spring, gave Rise to the following Composition.

The Storm describ'd in the third STANZA is not a Fiction, but actually happen'd, and did severa^l considerable Damages; in particular, it lopp'd off the Head of one of the before mentioned Trees, and so seem'd not, to the Author (as it gives an agreeable Variety to the P I E C E) an over-stretching the Licence of this Kind of P O E T R Y.

Advertisement.

I was the first person to obtain the Reward
 that a few years since Time ago published in
 a London paper on the improvement of a
 sort of Ground (by a worthy Gentleman of
 Glastonbury) who was planted ten Times, and
 again &c. and the Award; and likewise a Medal
 erected, which got the Appellation of the
 Golden Spring, gave Rise to the following
 Poem.

The Spring delug'd in the third STANZA
 is not a Fiction, but actually happen'd, and did
 several considerable Damages; in particular, it
 lopp'd off the Head of one of the best men-
 cedred Trees, and so forc'd not to the Author
 (as it gives an agreeable Variety to the Poem)
 an over-throwing the Likeness of this kind of
 Poetry.

THE
 A

THE VILLA, &c.

THrice happy he, (ah! was I one of those
To whom kind Heaven such indulgence
Shows)
Who at a small, commodious rural seat,
Enjoys a pleasant, innocent retreat;
Free from the noise and bustle that attends
A life of business, in the nauseous town:
Who has a few well-chosen friends,
Books, and an honest tranquil mind,
Courteous to all, benevolent and kind;
Regard-

Regardless of dame Fortune's smile or frown;
 Unvex'd with, and devoid of party-rage,
 The bane of poor *Ierne's* peace, this priest-be-
 ridden age;

Who has, if he be so inclin'd,

A loving, prudent and beloved wife,

To palliate th' essential ills of life.

How inexpressive rapturous the delight,

When weary *Sol* withdraws his scorching beams,

And the grey *Even* dons her sober veil,

To trace the margin of the rosey streams

And to respire the soft refreshing gale!

When virgin *Cynthia*, empress of the night,

Puts forth her silver light,

To view plain *Nature* in her dishabille!

And rolling down the slopy hill,

To hear the gently purling rill!

Or when the blushing festive Goddess comes,

Array'd in pearl and breathing rich perfumes,

T' enjoy her at her primal dawn,

To wander o'er the dew-bright lawn,

And hear the feather'd Harbingers of day,

With artless carrols fill the verdant spray!

And to behold

The orient hills suffus'd with radiant gold!

And *Phæbus* rising from his *Tbetis'* breast!

Of guiltless minds O ever welcome guest!

2. Latent to envy and remotion bring

If thou'd the MONARCH to the fields repair,

To taste the fragrant health-conducive air,

Perhaps to chase the nimble deer;

When all around he sees

The simple luxury of private Ease,

He,

He, with a sigh of discontent,
 Does his proud Eminence lament,
 And wishes it was less.
 Sylla, a memorable name,
 Deep written in the books of fame;
 Sylla, the mighty dictator of Rome,
 Laid the perpetual * *Fasces* down;
 He voluntarily
 Cancell'd the people's high decree;
 At *Puteoli* spent his final days,
 Latent to envy and remote from praise:
 And *Dioclesian*, good and great,
 Emperor of the universe,
 Tir'd with the grandeur of the state,
 Prefer'd

* *Fasces* a bundle of rods with an hatchet bound up in
 the middle of them, carried before the *Roman Magi-*
strates.

Prefer'd a life of private liberty,

To all the gaudy Pomp of regal dignity.

The sapient Hebrew King † we find,

Would often quit his Majesty,

His Diadem and Ivory;

And thought it not debasement of his mind,

To study (a) Nature in her lowest sphere:

At Lebanon he pass'd his choicest time,

No moments were his whole sublime;

Sev'n hundred Winds, all passing fair,

Each striving to promote his happiness,

And all their love-taught arts to please,

With Lebanon could not compare,

All, all was Vanity to this,

Near

† Solomon.

(a) See 1 Kings, iv. 33.

Prefers a life of private liberty
 Near to *HIBERNIA's* grand Metropolis
 Does a small well-built Village stand
 It seems another Fairy-land
 Or second Paradise
 Here smoothly flows a dimpling Riv'let by
 There num'rous lovely Gardens lie
 Gardens so charming and so fair
 Those of the fain'd *Hesperides*
 (Fabled to have been a Dragon's care)
 Were not more beautiful or rare
 Here *Apollo* strings his lyre
 (Thou God of verse my Song inspire)
 Here the tuneful Sisters sing
 Here the *Heliconian* Spring
 Fills me with poetic ray,
 Prompts me to this bold Essay, The

The dread Idea horror-strikes my soul,

When late the gaping firmament

Gave the strong imbred struggling Storm a vent;

The livid light'nings flash from either Pole,

Exploding flame the huge concave o'er spreads

And o'er our frightened heads

Hoarse rumbling thunders roll;

Shot from the bursting sky

The vengeful Bolt is seen to fly;

The impending clouds a deluge pour,

And seem as they'd again the world devour,

The ** Current* swells insuperably strong,

With wrathful force,

And rapid course,

In one promiscuous throng,

Hurls trees, rocks, herds and cottages along,

** A* The small River which runs by *Glasnevin*.

Omnipotence this devastation sent;
 A prelude to a greater punishment
 Of the ungrateful Sons of discontent.

Look to the visage of the noon-tide sun;

Dublin's heaven-piercing Spires rise;

The distant Mountains stop our eyes;

Westward they circling run;

Into the confines of dull night

Protrude their heads, and lose themselves to fight:

They terminate a wide extended plain,

Studded with stately *Villas*' here and there,

Delicious Mansions of content,

Where never harsh intruding Care

Pitches her hated tent.

Now turn the glass towards the realms of day;

A vari-

A vari'gated prospect strikes the eye;

It does in sweet romantique contrast lie:

Here we survey the flow'r-enamell'd Meads;

There thought-inviting Groves, & cooling Shades;

Lo where the fleecy Feeders bleat!

The vocal rocks the sound repeat;

Yonder the buxom Heifer roars,

And there we view the lowly Cots, along the stor-

my shoars,

New beauties the delighted sense surprize,

See where old *Howth* props the incumbent skies!

See the Mafons on the † *Wall*!

Hark! they to the Lab'ers call!

See there the Ships at anchor in the bay!

See others putting out to sea!

Now

† The Wall now building near the south *Bull*.

Now they unfurl their sails,
 And brace them to receive the wanton gales!
 Before the wind they steer,
 Now they grow less and less! now wholly disappear!
 And there the vast liquid Champain,
 Meets with the azure Vault and closes up the scene!
 5.
 Return, fond daring Muse, to thy first setting out;
 Rein thy fierce rambling *Pegasus* about;
 Nor rashly partial to thy slender force,
 Too boldly venture on the strong *Pindarique* horse:
 Bring back the song, *Glasnevin* is the theme,
 And tho' a modern, not the least in fame!
 Here oft satyric *SWIFT* display'd his wit,
 Never had man a greater share of it;
 He all the secrets of good writting knew,
 Not only in theory, but in practice too;

Like his own *HORACE*, he without offence,
 Wou'd point out ev'ry fault, and laugh you into
 sense.

He was a Patriot, firm and true,

Studious of the public-weal,

Unbiaffed by any private view,

Greatness with him did ill prevail;

His steady soul cou'd never be controul'd,

With pageant titles or more powerful gold,

And here more gentle *TICKELL* writ,

TICKELL for great employments fit,

His Virtues were surpassing as his wit,

TICKELL might boast, what now few

Statesmen can,

He was a Courtier and an honest Man,

Thou knew'st great Poet, thy sweet voice to rife,

With

With more than mortal harmony to sing
 The glorious * *Progress* of thy god-like King;
 And † *Peace*, in thy well-order'd verse display'd,
 ‡ Did lure the Stubborn, the Deceiv'd persuade;
 Thy *ADDISON* how sweetly didst thou mourn!
 With thee I drop a pious tear o'er his beloved urn:
 Pardon the Muse, who thirsting after praise,
 Would twist her humble Ivy with thy Bays;
 Or that the meanest of her offspring I,
 Presume to write this ill-tim'd Elegy.
 Another name demands my pen,
 Not to the voice of fame unknown,
 Clear-sighted to the merits of other men,
 Unconscious of his own. But

* The Royal *Progress*, a Poem, by TICKELL.

† A Poem called the *Prospect of Peace*, by the same.

‡ See Dedication of it to Lord Privy-Seal.

But lest my Breath contaminate his praise,

Or blow malicious Minds into a blaze,

(Now Goodness is a crime, O golden happy days!)

And if I shou'd but barely say,

What his resplendent Virtues do deserve,

I shou'd be thought from truth to swerve,

'Twou'd seem a wild high-strain'd Hyperbole,

Or at the best, a bare-fac'd Flattery

Souls truly noble with reluctance bear,

Applause, tho' just and well-deserv'd, to hear,

Stop, stop bold Muse, nor dare t' offend

BELCHIER, the universal Friend.

C

N

T O

AN INSCRIPTION

*For the WELL at GLASNEVIN, called the
HELICONIAN SPRING, to dissuade the
People from dirtying it.*

AMong the *Delians* when *Latona* came,
Seeking to taste the cool refreshing stream;
Th' inhuman Clown's her pregnant womb revile,
And the pure waters, in contempt, defile;
The Goddess rag'd to see herself thus scorn'd,
And into Frogs the worthless Wretches turn'd.
This WELL to her bright Offspring sacred stands,
Who will take Vengeance on polluting hands;
Reader, this friendly warning keep in mind,
Nor hurt the WELL, for public Use design'd.

T O
A young L A D Y,

On seeing her at the P L A Y.

BELINDA vainly boasts her graceful Mein,
Her star-like Eyes *Amanda* boasts in vain,
In vain the thoughtless *Isabell* wou'd charm,
In vain the prudish *Leonora* warm;
In vain *Maria* strives t' ensnare our hearts,
With a long train of unavailing Arts;
In vain the proud disdainful high-born Dame,
With Birth and Titles, wou'd our hearts inflame.
Such trivial Toys ignoble Minds may move
To what they call (but very falsely) Love;

Exalted

Exalted Souls draw from a spring more pure,
 That Passion which nor art nor time can cure.
 'Tis she! 'tis she! who join'd with blooming youth,
 Has virgin beauty, innocence and truth;
 An easy flow of unaffected wit,
 Her conversation, affable discreet:
 A mind unfully'd with the *thoughts* of vice,
 From scandal free, from envy and caprice,
 Steadfast in virtue, not severely rude,
 Not a *Coquette*, nor yet a squeamish *Prude*.
 Of Temper mild, yet knowing to resent
 An injury; where it as such is meant;
 Not peevish, nor insipidly serene,
 Listless, avaricious, indolent or vain;
 Pleasant, well-bred and easy of address,
 Modestly free, exempt from

Such

Such is my H-----! such the lovely she
 By all ador'd, but most of all by me
 The native Roses which her face adorn,
 Out-vie the radiance of the blushing morn;
 Each feature glows an Emblem of her Mind,
 And all her Actions speak a Soul refin'd;
 Benevolence still guides the charming Maid,
 And Goodness seems enamour'd of her aid;
 Where e'er she goes she bears all hearts away,
 And with new Glories gilds the conscious day.
 Believe me, Fair, nor think I sacrifice
 The honest truth to high poetic lies;
 If you at *Stephen's, or †Vauxhall appear,
 Or if, as late, you grace the Theatre,
 You shine the brightest, loveliest Angel there.---

Yes,

* St. Stephen's Green.

† The New Gardens in Britain-street.

Yes, meaner Beauties may indeed beguile,
 With dress or so, our vacant Eyes a while;
 But we unmov'd their feeble Charms survey —
 Their Robes are fine, their Equipage is gay;
 They barely please us, but they can no more,
 You shew yourself, we see, and we adore.
 So if an Alien shou'd usurp the Throne,
 Forc'd for a while his lawless Sway we own;
 But when at length the true-born Heir is found,
 He claims his Birth-right and is gladly crown'd.
 Or so the Stars divert our wand'ring sight,
 When they alone are Regents of the night;
 But when the Moon illumines our Hemisphere,
 We turn our Eyes and gaze alone on her.

F I N I S.

* St. Stephen's Green.
 † The New Gardens in Britain-Garden.